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Judge

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THE RAINBOW OF FREEDOM.

Judge

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IF THE WORLD were not all wrong Charles Eliot Norton would be all right.

* * *

PERRY BELMONT is seeking the bubble nomination at the cannon's mouth.

* * *

THE NAVY of Spain has a bad habit of shooting before she gets her guns loaded.

* * *

BLANCO WILL be remembered in history as the man who had the most hysterics.

* * *

IT MUST be said of the disgruntled Cubans that they are still loyal to their daily rations.

* * *

THE NAVAL AUTHORITIES apparently think the Buffalo was built for service solely on the Hamburg canal.

* * *

VOICE OF THE ARMY—"And shall we have no pie? Then twenty thousand soldier-boys will know the reason why."

* * *

NOT A PUGILIST has enlisted for the war, but it must be admitted that they have talked ably in behalf of the American side of it.

* * *

SCOVEL, expelled by Shafter and his newspaper, has small chance of a vindication; but he might improve matters if he were to go out and hang himself.

* * *

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

CUSTOMER—"See here! this fly-trap I bought here last week hasn't caught a fly yet."

MR. ISAACS—"Shakey, shust catch half a dozen flies unt put in dis shentleman's trap for him."

SOMEBODY, traveling through the south, heard an ex-confederate remark, "We yankees will give those Spaniards fits." One touch of nature makes the entire country kin.

* * *

THE ARMY of Spaniards that surrendered at Santiago greatly outnumbered the army that proposed to capture it. On the whole, General Shafter is a good man who weighs a good many tons.

* * *

JESSIE SCHLEY was not permitted by the queen regent to argue for peace; but the arguments used by her uncle the commodore were treated with the utmost consideration by Admiral Cervera.

* * *

"BRYANISM is not dead," says the Albany *Journal* in an allusion to Oregon. Paddy remarked of the apparent corpse, "It's did," when the corpse moved. "It's did," says Paddy, "but it isn't sinsible of it."

* * *

"DON'T THINK you are too hot," says a self-elected instructor of the helpless public, "and you will be cool enough." That idiot may think he is safe from bodily harm, but he had better heat his imagination in the other direction.

WHAT! NO PIE?

PIE IS DENOUNCED by the military authorities, who say that it must not be sent to the soldiers. This is a great shock to the nation, the great majority of whose citizens are pie-biters; but it shall at least be insisted that the pastry, while last in war, shall be first in peace and first in the hearts of our countrymen.

ARGUMENTATIVE SUICIDE.

SAGASTA talks of suicide in preference to disgrace with great fluency. Now there is nothing to prevent him from slaughtering himself. Let him demonstrate his willingness to do that which he has no hesitation in asking a hundred thousand Spanish soldiers to do. Those men are without hope precisely as he is; and they know that to continue to fight is suicide in fact, while he discusses merely the theory.

A HOT LITTLE SURPRISE.

SOME VERY GOOD MEN are addicted to profanity, but there isn't one of them who is not ashamed of every oath he utters. The utterance is involuntary, without preface, uncontemplated, spontaneous, sudden, and in most cases the result of extreme vexation. When it is over the decent man chides himself and declares he will never do it again; but he adds, with a suppressed chuckle, "Nothing else under heaven would have untied that knot or buttoned that button."

THE WISDOM THAT CONTROLS US.

WAS THERE EVER A WAR in which more was accomplished within four months? Persons who growled at the slowness of McKinley ought to examine themselves and see if they are capable of any kind of good judgment whatever. It is their custom at this moment to lament that Havana was not taken to begin with; but the judgment of the world is altogether with the president and the army and navy for exactly what they have done and for exactly the way they have done it. There has not been a false move or the slightest mistake.

THE DUDEST DUDE.

THE GOLD WHISTLE and the gold breast-plate of the dictator of the Philippines suggest trouble. That kind of man is without thought save as to his personal glorification, and his vanity will have to be eliminated before he has room in his head for a decent set of brains. So far the dudes of our army and navy have done excellently, it being understood that a dude is a man who is not ashamed to dress properly and wear blacking on his boots; but the man of the little whistle will be apt to toot himself into some folly for the lack of a guardian. However, it is comforting to reflect that his pomposity didn't lead him to proclaim himself with a fog-horn.

ONE OF THE BIRDIES.

THERE WAS A PROPOSITION to argue a young lady out of a school in Boise, Idaho. The result of it is succinctly stated in this dispatch from that town:

> It is believed that two of the men shot last night by Miss Birdie Sanders will die. The third man escaped by running away and is thought to be uninjured. Miss Sanders lately has been teaching the White Cross school, and the three men, who opposed her retention as teacher, called and tried to scare her into leaving the county.

While politics is not necessarily wrong, even in school matters, it must be insisted that there must be nothing of that kind which militates against the chivalry of this enlightened period. It is barely possible, however, that this lady knows how to take care of herself, no matter what the nature of the argument which may be presented against her desires or her rights.

MOST NATURAL.

FAN (*surprised*)—" Dear me! You say Jack Justwed has been running down hill ever since he bought that house in Lonelyville?"
TOM—" Yes—the depot is situated just at the foot of the hill, you know."

A CONEY NYMPH.

SHE is a perfect Lurline,
In beauty all supreme,
Among the billows pearline
A symphony, a dream.

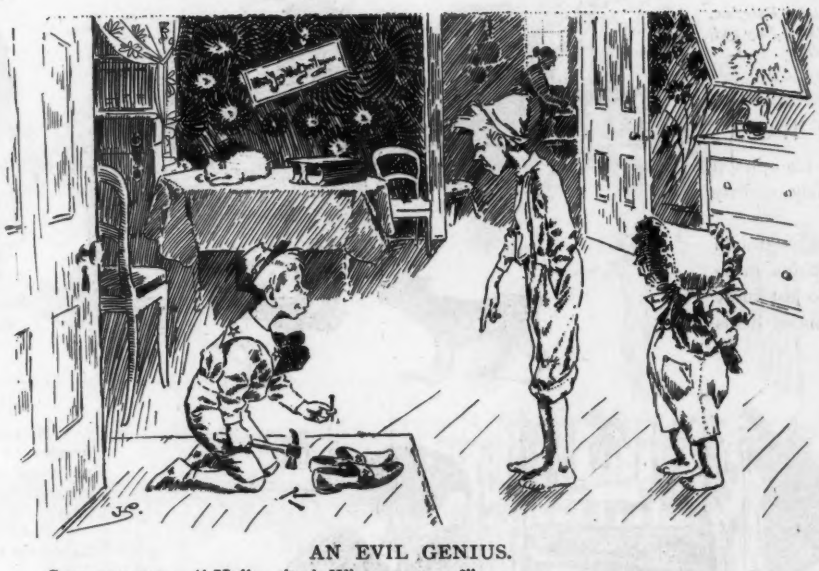
She lures the willing Triton
As Phœbus lures the morn—
The Triton that at Brighton
Winds loud his fairy horn.

The billows are her legions;
The sea-wind is her slave—
This queen of all the regions
Of beach and coral cave

Now waves her graceful hand, which
Her subjects all revere,
And cries, "A corned-beef sandwich,
And don't forget the beer."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THERE seems to be an impression in some quarters that a really great daily newspaper is published every three hours.



AN EVIL GENIUS.

COUNTRY KID—" Hallo, city! W'ot yer up to?"
CITY KID—" Goin' ter nail me old gent's slippers down through de floor an' have some sport when he steps inter 'em."
COUNTRY KID (*scornfully*)—"Arr, go wann! dat ain't no fun. Go down cellar an' nail 'em up through de floor—den when he steps in 'em yer'll see some real sport. Ketch on?"

TOO DARK TO SEE.

"I CAN'T see which one this is," said Aunt Jean when she went in the semi-darkness to kiss her two little nieces good-night.

"Ruth," answered Frances soberly.

"But it sounds like Frances," said Aunt Jean.

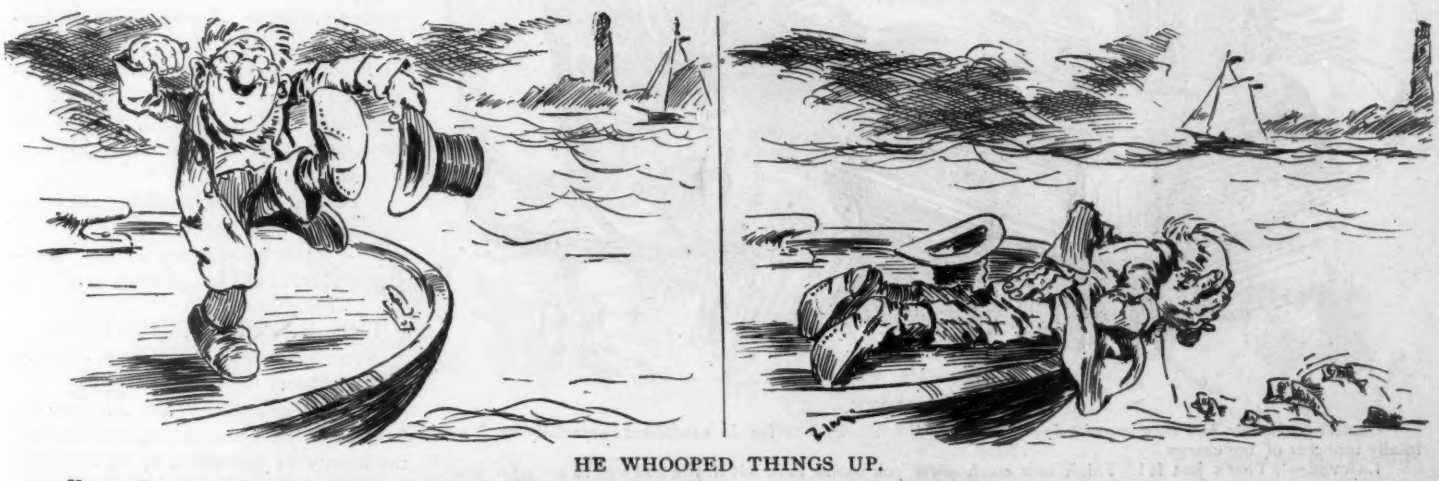
"P'r'aps it is," replied a rougish voice; "it's so dark I can't see, too."

THE RAINY SEASON.

Major—"Ha! another famine in Havana."

Colonel—"Pardon, does the dispatch say there is a prevailing bread famine?"

Major—"No; a more discouraging one. There are no more umbrellas procurable."



HE WHOOPED THINGS UP.

UNCLE CYRUS—" Gol durn it! these ocean trips is immense; I feel jest like whoopin' things up."

Ten minutes outside Sandy Hook and Uncle Cyrus whoopin' things up.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MAUD HOLLINS.

Coyly demure, without a pout—
A passing mood of Maud's, no doubt.
Her other photos seemed a deal
Too realistically real,
Although a triumph, I presume,
Proving her chic, e'en in bathing costume.

(The copyrighted picture of Lettice Fairfax, the JUDGE *Favorite in the number dated July 23d, should have been credited to B. J. Falk.)*

A BLUE CAP WAVED IN THE LINE.

THE day that the soldier boy went away,
Away from the old home nest,
The blue of the summer sky grew gray
And the sun went down in the west
To rest in a sea of blood, it seemed.
'Twas a dreary day, I opine,
To a mother who sat in her chair and dreamed
Of a blue cap waved in the line.

The villagers cheered as the boys marched by,
The boys in their suits of blue,
Full many a star blinked up at the sky
From the flags on the avenue;
And buttons of brass in the sunlight gleamed
With a polished shimmer and shine,
While a mother sat in her chair and dreamed
Of a blue cap waved in the line.

Her faded eyes were so dimmed with tears
She could only the troop descry
When her boy turned deaf to a world of cheers
And waved her a last good-bye;
But she knew that he would and a pride there beamed
In her soft eyes, master mine!
And the mother sat in her chair and dreamed
Of a blue cap waved in the line.

Oh, the day that the soldier boy went away,
Went forth to a warfare grim,
The heart of a mother worn and gray
Went out and away with him.
And little the lusty warrior deemed
That a memory sweet would twine
Round so simple a thing, while his mother dreamed,
As a blue cap waved in the line.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

IT STOPPED.

"This thing has got to stop."

The strong man quivered with ill-suppressed rage; he spoke quietly yet fiercely; his set jaws and glaring eye showed desperate determination; his fingers clinched convulsively; the brake did its duty and the thing did stop—and after sailing for about forty feet over the handle-bars and describing a whole geometry full of parabolas, tangents, cones, triangles and hypothenuses on the rocky hill-side, the strong man stopped too—his pedals had gotten away from him on a steep down grade.

McKINLEY'S BETTER HALF.

UNCLE RUFUS was asked his opinion about President McKinley shortly after the inauguration.

"Wa-al, now, I don't know much about McKinley," said Uncle Rufus, musingly chewing a straw, "but I do jest know this here thing; that wife Hanna of his is a darned smart woman."

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

NURSE (*in continuation, speaking of her brother in wagon*)—"Yes, an' he ain't got no wices at all; he don't smoke, drink, or chew terbacker, an' he don't want no latch-key."

FRIEND (*on right*)—"Lor'! w'ot a husbant he'd make."

WORTH MORE.

CLIENT (*who has just been acquitted of murder*)—"I think your fee is exorbitant, especially as I was totally innocent of the charge."

LAWYER—"That's just it! Think how much worse you would have felt if you had had to hang for something you never did."

"THERE WAS TUMULT IN THE CITY."

"THE Americans fell by thousands"—Thus slowly came the telegram in old Madrid, but the great Spanish official waited no longer. Rushing from the telegraph-office, he joyfully spread the news and soon the city trembled beneath acclamations from ten thousand throats. A cock-fight was announced, but as the roosters had all been eaten a cat-fight was substituted.

Back in the telegraph-office the faithful operator finished the message:

——"upon the heroic sons of Spain. It was another sad but glorious day."

THE VALUE OF HISTORY.

First grandee—"I tell you, Spain is making history these days."

Second grandee—"Yes, sir; and so long as we have the privilege of making the history we can afford to let the mercenary yankees win the battles."

STYLES IN HAIR-DRESSING.

1. A design for the lovesick maiden.

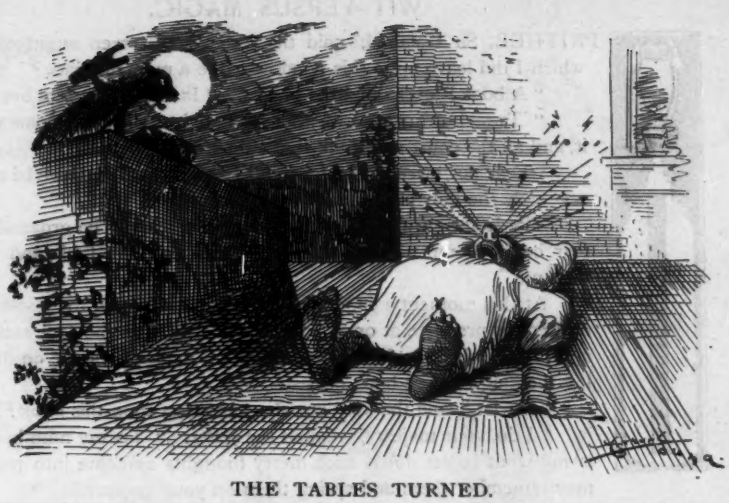
THE WAR-TAX.

ALTHOUGH we hate to think it true,
It proves as sure as fate
Whate'er the country has to do
The poor man pays the freight.

EASY TO SEE.

Pretty teacher—"What were our hands given us for, Bennie?"

Bennie (eight years old, gallantly)—"To hold."



THE TABLES TURNED.

OLD TOM—"Get a brick, Maria. Here's the fellow that's been breaking up our concerts."

WITH A NEVER-FAILING AIM.

Sniff—"Ever see any of this rapid firing?"

Pecksniff—"Yes; I had a government job in Washington once when a new administration came into power."

2. Mrs. Hockheimer's favorite business-like twist.

IT WAS THIS WAY.

"YES," said the Spanish officer, "we had the yankees whipped in that last battle. We had them badly whipped and thrown into confusion."

"Why, then," questioned a bystander, who should have been executed on the spot for heresy; "why, then, did you surrender?"

"Why did we surrender? My dear sir, you have read but little of that last stupendous engagement, I infer. Why, the Americans were whipped and started to retreat, and so great was their confusion that they started in the wrong direction. Under the circumstances good breeding dictated what we, a chivalrous people, should do."

DIAMONDS RECUT.

BE SURE you're right and then do as you please.

Every exception has its rule.

A learned fool is a dangerous man.

Discretion is the better part of gambling.

An idle public mind is the demagogue's workshop.

You can take a man to the bar, but you can't always drink him down.

A self-made man deserves credit according to the kind of job he has done.

There are three things that make woman divine—beauty, gentleness and truth. Beauty speaks to the senses, gentleness to the heart, and truth to the soul. These three qualities are the essentials of love, love is the poetry of womanhood, and womanhood, embellished by fairness and virtue, is the masterpiece of God's creative art.

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

3. The pretzel-baker prevailed on his wife to wear her hair in this fashion.

4. Especially designed for the sausage-maker's little daughter.

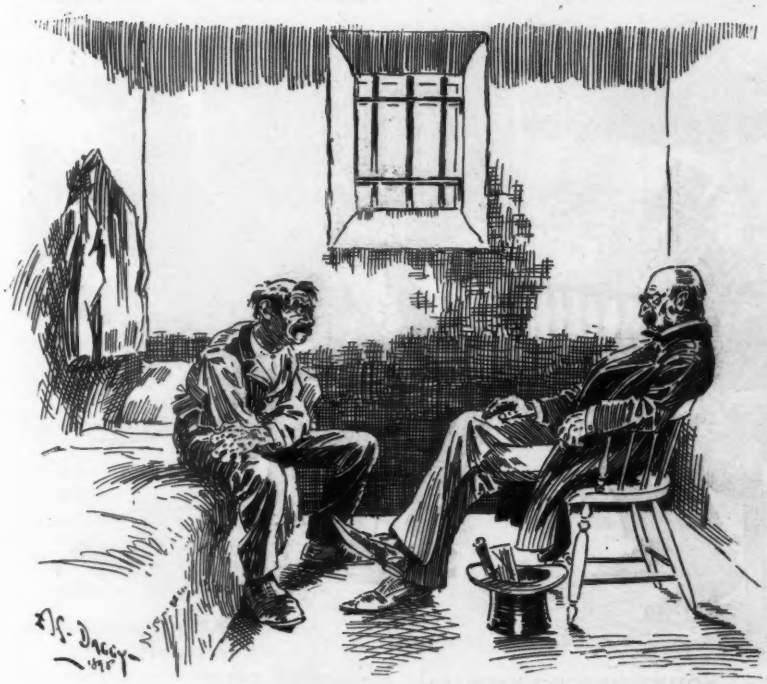
THE LATEST DODGE.

Cholly—"James!"

Valet—"Yes, sir."

Cholly—"If Mr. Credit calls to-day and asks if I'm in, just tell him I've gone to the war."

5. A make-up for the barber's wife. This effect can be had by a red-haired woman with a white switch.



A NORMAL ACT.

CLIENT (*who has been indicted for murder*)—"How would the insanity defense go?"
CRIMINAL LAWYER (*astonished*)—"What! for killing a mother-in-law? Never!"

THE UNSUBSTANTIAL MELON.

Aunt Jane (severely)—"I don't see why you will eat watermelon every chance you get, when it always gives you cramp."

Uncle Hosea (with New England thrift)—"It's the nearest to getting something for nothing of any way I know."

6. A style adopted by the wealthy Mrs. Giltedge.

WIT VERSUS MAGIC.

PRITHEE, Sir Galahad," said the jester, "hast seen aught of a little book which I did leave upon this window-ledge a moment since?"

"A book!" exclaimed the knight. "Is England's fool become a clerk?"

"'Twas but my book of jests, Sir Knight. I fear me some one hath ta'en it, and all the court will think that I do steal my jokes."

"Fear not, sweet fool; for in all England's realm there be none who read save only the holy priests and Merlin the wizard."

The jester grew pale. "Merlin, sayest thou?" he groaned. "Alack! I fear he loves me not. I once in jest did call him fakir, and he was wroth with me."

At this moment a page approached and informed the jester that the king desired his presence at once. With quaking heart the fool entered the royal apartment, where he found Merlin, with a malicious smile on his face, showing the king the lost book of jests.

"Varlet," said the king sternly, "knowest thou this book?"

"I do, your majesty," replied the jester. "'Tis my note-book, wherein it is my wont to set down such merry thoughts as come into my mind, that I may remember them and spring them on your majesty."

"A pretty tale!" sneered the wizard. "'Tis a devil's book, filled with charms and incantations wherewith to work thy evil ends upon the royal household."

"Your majesty," answered the jester, "the book itself will witness the truth of what I say. Let me be judged by that."

A JUST SENTENCE.

"How did you come to strike this man?"
"He called me a Spaniard, judge."
"Six months for letting him off so easily."

"T'ROWN DOWN."

"So be it," said the king. "Read me what is written there." And he pointed at random to a paragraph.

The fool read, "'When is a door not a door? When it is ajar.'"

"He doth not read aright, your majesty," objected the wizard. And snatching the book from the jester he read, "'Pro bono publico. E pluribus unum. Et tu, Brute.' This, your majesty, is a most potent charm, which, but for the influence of my mightier magic, would cause fair England's throne to totter."

The king shuddered. "Miscreant!" he exclaimed, turning to the now thoroughly frightened fool. "Didst think to cozen us with thy wicked lies? What ho, minions! Hale this traitor to the donjon keep."

"One boon I crave, your majesty," begged the jester, falling on his knees. "Bid the wizard read where I direct him. If mine innocence be not then proven let me die a traitor's death."

The request was granted, and with trembling hands the jester opened the book and, pointing to a certain paragraph, handed it to Merlin.

The latter glanced at the page designated and smiled. Then, recollecting himself, he tried to assume a stern expression, but in vain. The smile broadened. He chuckled, laughed, guffawed, and finally rolled on the floor, holding his sides and giving vent to peals of laughter that made the very walls tremble.

The king looked on in amazement. "Wizard," he exclaimed, "thy mirth is most unseemly. Read me what is written in the book."

"Your majesty," interrupted the jester, "the book hath proven mine innocence. I did bid him read my merriest jest, the original mother-in-law joke, and he must needs laugh, e'en though it cost his life."

"And that it shall," exclaimed the king. "For this vile plot I'll have his head. Drag him hence."

And tradition says that when the wizard's head was brought to the king the face still wore a broad grin, a silent tribute to the jester's wit.

ISAAC ANDERSON.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

COHEN—"'Hisdory repeads idself,' dey say."
LEVY (*rapturously*)—"Lofely, lofely! Shoost t'ink ohf having anoder Chicago fire!"

DEEP SCHEME.

"The United States," said the great grandee, who had read a geography through, "is very fortunate in its possession of certain physical attributes. For instance, if Spain had something like that Mammoth cave its possession would be invaluable."

"Indeed it would," replied the high-born hidalgo; "but how?"

"Why, we would try to arrange some way or other to get our navy in it and keep it there during war."

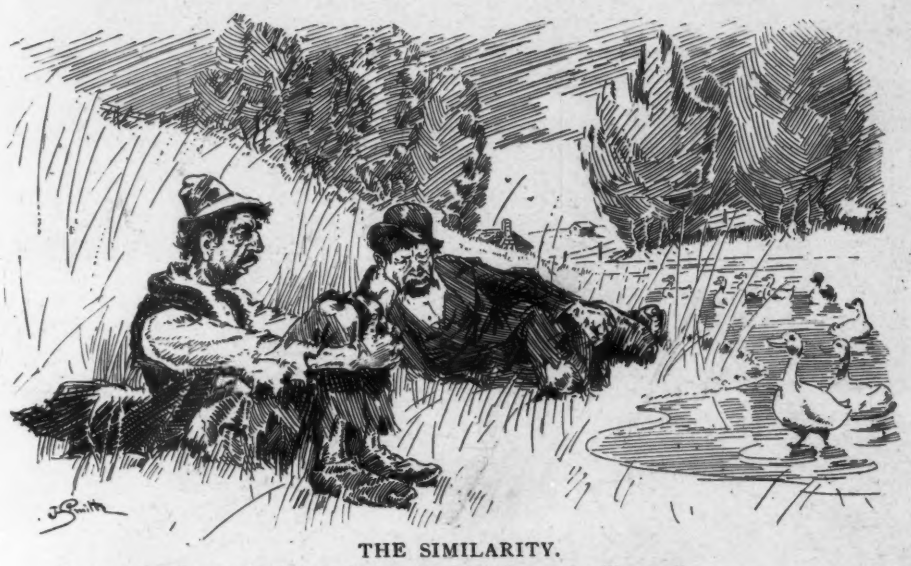
A CONCESSION.

Jaggles—"Why do they propose to allow you to ride free in street-cars providing you can't get a seat?"

Waggles—"That's the least they can do, now that they intend to fine you for swearing in public."

WHY IT WAS OFF.

"W'ot's de matter, Billy—is de engagement broke off?"
"Yes. It's no use payin' intentions to a gal w'ot kin knock de head off yer wid a simple lick—an' dat's w'ot she come near doin' de last time I called on her. If I marries a gal I want ter be boss; an' if dere's enny fightin' ter be did I wants ter be champion."



THE SIMILARITY.

RAMBLING RAGGS—"I t'ink ducks has got almost human intelligence."
PATCHED PANTZ (*astounded*)—"W'ot! always goin' inter de water?"
RAMBLING RAGGS—"Yes, but never gettin' wet, mind yer—never allowin' it ter touch 'em."

THE REASON WHY.

WE met on the glistening sandy beach—
'Twas a beautiful summer day,
But we spoke not a word—and so we each
Went on our separate way.

No one would have guessed any pang in his heart,
Had they seen his tranquil face;
Nor would they have thought I was playing a part—
That I longed my steps to retrace.

My eyes fell not, nor with tears grew dim,
As he coldly passed me by,
For he didn't know me and I didn't know him,
And that is the reason why.

ELLA STARR.

HAD NO CHANCE.

Cobwigger—"Why did he refuse to take the part of a Spaniard in that war-drama?"

Merritt—"Because, being a Spaniard, he knew he couldn't make a hit."

MENDING THE BATTLE-FLAG.

HE MENDS the tattered battle-flag
That lies upon his knees.
Its folds have never dipped to aught
But bugle-call and breeze.
The scarlet stripes are dull with smoke,
The stars are shot away,
And all the bunting streaked and stained
With drops of salty spray.

He mends the tattered battle-flag—
A stripling long ago
Upon a gallant man-o'-war,
He learned to patch and sew;
And now with all a woman's skill
He draws the needle through,
And stitches down the fraying red
And darns the raveled blue.

He mends the tattered battle-flag;
But who will mend in turn
The scar upon his withered cheek,
A bullet's cruel burn?
Or who restore the leg he lost
When, reeling deck to deck,
The Kearsarge fought the rebel ship
And sunk the shattered wreck.

He mends the tattered battle-flag;
Once more it proudly flies,
Its starry splendor scarcely dimmed,
A glory in the skies.
And so, when poor old sailors pass
Beyond the seas of pain,
The Lord, who is the captain there,
Will make them whole again.

MINNA IRVING.

VERY SIMILAR.

VETERINARY SURGEON—"Well, sir, I cut open your cow's stomach, and what do you think I found in it? Six tenpenny nails, four tacks, a Waterbury watch, a piece of barbed-wire fencing, a tin whistle, four clam-shells, a fish-hook, some broken glass, a lead sinker, ten glass marbles, a tin can with mud-worms in it, a jack-knife, two quarts of peach-stones, a rubber ball, and four slate-pencils."

GENTLEMAN FARMER (*aghast*)—"Great Scott! how do you suppose she ever got hold of one of my boys' pants-pockets?"

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OUR TE

UNCLE SAM—"And not a single A

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

TERMS.

"The American flag shall come down."

THE SIMILARITY.

"Ah," said little Mrs. Newlywed dreamily, "my husband is as steady as a clock."

She gave a little half-sigh as she said it, and looked fixedly at that article — the clock, not her husband. Then she tapped it, rapped it, shook it, stood it on its head, blew into the keyhole, and tried to persuade it to do its duty in other feminine ways. It was one of those ninety-eight-cent alabaster clocks, and she had just bought it. A dainty creation, with gilded hands, and forget-me-nots upon the face. The dealer had guaranteed it to run for a life-time, and it had run down and utterly collapsed in just five minutes and thirty-seven seconds. "My husband is as steady as a clock," she said dreamily.

SPAIN'S SUNKEN SHIPS.

WITH Sampson gone they thought that they
Could shake our yankee nerves;
But Schley was sly, and he was on
To old Cervera's curves.

EVEN CHILDREN SEE IT.

High Dub (of the Spanish navy)—"Your majesty, we will soon have more ships."

King (of Spain)—"Alas! I fear there is one ship which we will never have."

High Dub (of the Spanish navy)—"What ship is that, your majesty?"

King (of Spain)—"Marksmanship."

THE LOST BALL.

BINKS hit the ball, away it flew
O'er grassy hillocks wet with dew;
And not a caddy on the links
Could find that ball swift sent by Binks.

Where was it hid? Don't be distress'd;
It entered fair Sophronia's breast.
For she, as we two stood apart,
Confessed, "That ball went to my heart."

'TWAS EVER THUS.

Waggles—"She wanted to name the new baby Sampson, and he insisted on calling it Schley."

Jaggles—"Which won?"

Waggles—"Neither. It turned out to be a girl."

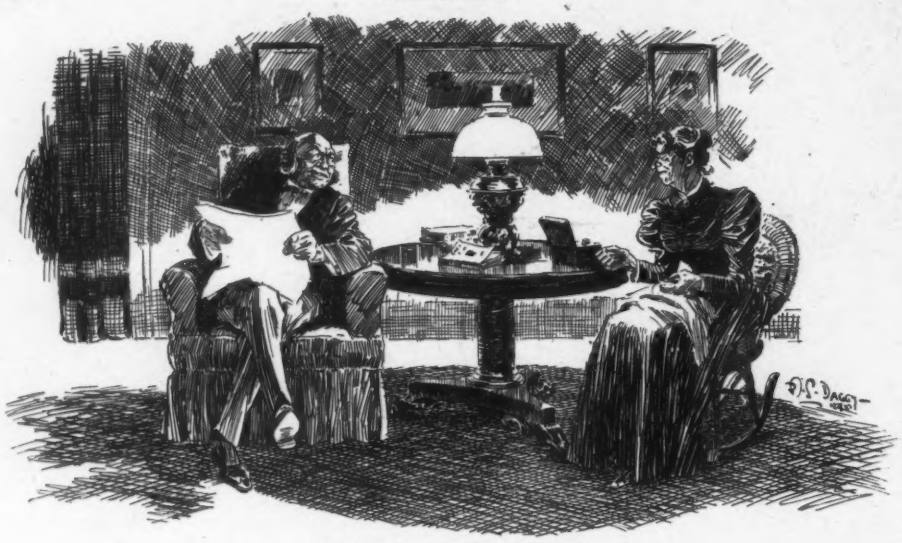
THE LAST EXTREMITY.

Madge—"Men seem to be scarce around here."

Marjorie—"Scarce is no name for it. Why, I had to become engaged to the same young man I was engaged to last summer."

A RAW RECRUIT.

RURAL PARTY—"Mornin', sir! Ef yew be th' gen'ral I'm Hi Hocum, all the way from Podunk centre, who wants ter enlist."



AN ACT OF CHARITY.

MRS. HENPEQUE—"So you did an act of charity to-day to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our wedding?"

MR. HENPEQUE—"Yes—one of my clerks wanted a raise of salary so that he could get married, and I refused him."

A POSITIVE QUIETUS.

MINISTER (*who has just come from sick patient's bedside*)—"I've given religious comfort to the invalid, and I fancy all he requires now is a good sound sleep."

NURSE—"Oh, if you would only bring your last Sunday's sermon and read it to him."

UNIDENTIFIED.

SOMEWHERE in shining, sultry space,
In summer land, in seashore land,
Two white-robed shapes met face to face
And grasped each other's hand.
"And who are you, with hair a-curl?"
"And who are you, so smug and happy?"
One said, "I am the summer girl";
The other, "I'm her chappie."

CAROLYN WELLS.

LITERAL.

Officer—"The raw recruits over there are a fine body of soldiers."

Sightseer—"But why call them raw recruits? They appear well drilled."

Officer—"True. They got the name of raw recruits from the lacerated appearance of their limbs after charging through a barbed-wire trocha, sir."

THE KLONDIKER.

Gold in my haversack, gold
Held in the belt at my girth—
Nuggets which I have cajoled
Out of the maw of the earth.
Gold in the misshapen bags
Made of my sleeves with a rude
Skill. There is wealth in my rags,
Aye, and I'm dying for food.

Gold like the soil of the land;
Gold that is free as the dirt;
Gold in my trousers-legs and
Gold in the furl of my shirt.
Who is there wealthy as I?
Who has equivalent cash?
Heavens! I wish it could buy
Liverwurst, pig's-feet and hash.

Gold in my hat and my socks
(What there is left of the same),
Little irregular rocks—
Root of all evil and shame.
Gold in my handkerchief; gold
Packed in my underwear legs—
God! how I'd like to unfold
Three sacks of wheat and some eggs!

Well, let me die if I must,
Chilblained and famished and cold;
Let me sink here with my dust,
Aye, and my nuggets of gold.
Death, ghastly death, come to me,
Wealthiest man among men;
Come with sweet dreams. Let me see
My island home once again.

Let me look down its long lines
(Here from my death-bed of ice),
Glaring with red-painted signs
Telling of food and its price.
Bring me the uproar and push,
Show me those supper-hour scenes.
Plutus am I, but I wish
Gold could be eaten like beans.
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

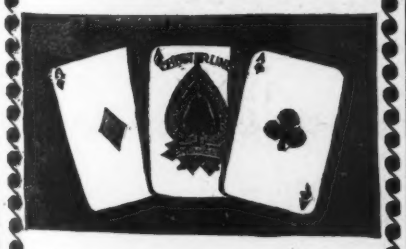
Anyhow, Leiter need not fear oblivion. 'Tis wheat to be remembered.—*Albany Argus.*

SHAMPOOING

is made delightfully refreshing, and a real luxury, by the use of

Packer's Tar Soap.

Its known purity, excellent cleansing, invigorating and antiseptic properties have secured for this soap the highest commendation of physicians and hair-dressers for cleansing and preserving the hair, and for use in treatment of dandruff and baldness.



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beat two pairs, but one pair of

Endwell Braces,

beats two pairs of any other make.

It's in the "graduated" cord ends—
Elastic in places for comfort;
Non-elastic in places for durability.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50c. for a sample pair. Cheaper model, the "C.S.C.," for 25c. Scarf-fastener free to buyers, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep the "Endwell Braces."

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,
5 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise.
He dropped a fortune on a farm
New wealth to improvise.

And when he found that he was out,
With all his might and main
He advertised for summer-folk
And got it back again.
—*Boston Budget.*

The reason that *Cook's Imperial Champagne*, extra dry, is always good is the great care taken in making it.

In a cemetery in a neighboring state lies buried a family of the name of Rose. Upon each headstone is cut this flower, broken at the stem, while upon the babe's tomb is engraved a bud. Curious as this is in itself, however, it is emphasized by the neighboring plot, where lies a family of the name of Fish, who have followed the example of the Roses by having a small specimen of the finny tribe cut upon each of their gravestones.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Good alike for young and old. Old feel young, young feel younger, all feel youngest they ever did—after fair trial of Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters.

Hats off!
A girl is coming down the street—
A maiden fair and trim and neat,
With lips of red, with white brow high,
Heaven's own blue in her laughing eye—
And she wears those colors in her tie.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

You throw away half

your cigar — half the time! Why not get the full benefit of what you pay for?

Van Bibber Little Cigars

are excellent little *cigars* for all ordinary *short smokes*. They are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and *never vary in quality*. Any intelligent smoker who will try them will adopt them as a part of his smoking outfit.

Ask *your* dealer for them or send 25c. (stamps) and 10 of them will be sent, in special pocket pouch, by return mail, *prepaid*, wherever you live.

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The confirmed dreamer is usually a man of many lofty ideals.—An ailing woman and a male punster ought to be compelled to spend their days in a boiler-factory.—The wonder is that a girl ever makes a mistake in marrying, seeing she has studied man from her kindergarten days.—After a man marries a woman more than thirty he becomes susceptible to every baby-faced sixteen-year-old girl.—*New York Press.*

Volunteers leaving for the South, provide yourselves with a bottle of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Prevents ill effects of bad water.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-berrying, sir," she said.
"Who's to be buried, my pretty maid?"
"It's none of your funeral, sir," she said.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Mrs. Wendricks must be very fond of her husband." "Why?" "She's so careful about his health—always seems to be worrying for fear he'll sit in a draught." "Oh, that's no sign that she's particularly fond of him. Maybe she hates to hear him swear when he catches cold."—*Cleveland Leader.*

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with the
dawn
of Liberty

Evans' Ale

And
American
as the
United States

The world's new standard for perfection in ale-brewing and bottling.

EVERYWHERE!!!

Arnold Constable & Co

Hosiery.

Plain and Fancy Lisle Thread, Silk, and Cashmere Hose and Half Hose.

Summer Underwear.

Cartwright & Warner's

Celebrated Underwear

For Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

A sweet little lady sat in the choir,
Whose powerful voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clean ought of seight,
And they found it next day on the spoir.
—*Scraps.*

If you bet thirteen dollars and lose it's unlucky.—If you would obtain information from a woman pretend indifference.—If a man's too poor to lend his friends money he will retain them longer.—If a man makes a fool of himself twice in the same way his case is hopeless.—*Chicago News.*

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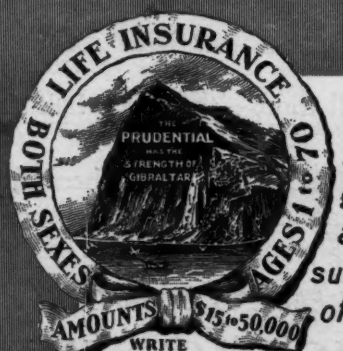

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Mistress—"Bridget, these are ewers. I hope you'll not call them jugs any more." *Bridget*—"Thank yez, mum. Shure, an' is these others moine too?"—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Mrs. Wackum—"How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself?" *Mrs. Snapper*—"That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Miss Mayme Hinkle desires to thank her many friends who have made her sojourn in this city as a summer girl so pleasant. She is particularly indebted to the chaperons for the great freedom they allowed her, but regrets that one of them attempted to steal her honey-boy. She will visit Hot Springs again next summer, when she hopes to meet again all the sweet people she leaves behind.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

10 YEARS OLD.

WARRANTED A

Pure Tonical Stimulant.

Recommended by Physicians and known as the

Choicest Whiskey

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of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought

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to the first place in American Champagnes and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafés.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,

SOLE MAKERS,

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G. G. PIERCE CO., Boston.

AS LONDON "FUN" SEES IT.

ÆSOP REDIVIVUS — THE MAN WHO NURTURED A SERPENT.

"I find the fuss I made of you was just a derned mistake. I find, whatever one may do, a snake is just a snake."

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in black and white, useful for illustrating purposes.

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Rae's Olive Oil is both the best and cheapest, quality considered.

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s Finest Sublime Lucca Oil, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Ledoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of Superior Quality and Flavor."

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A becoming cap a man may wear
As proudly as ever he can;
But it's nothing at all to the fetching kind
That's set by a girl when she has a mind
To captivate a man.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Fuddy—"Kwiverful, they say, is married again. This is his fourth wife." *Duddy*—"Kwiverful 'd better be careful. He'll get caught some day." *Fuddy*—"Get caught?" *Duddy*—"Yes; he'll marry a woman who will live."—*Boston Transcript.*

"When he awoke in the morning there wasn't a vestige of his clothing in the room." "All stolen?" "No. His wife had on his outing-shirt and his bicycle-coat, his daughter had his cap, his sash and his stockings, and his pet dog had run away with his knickerbockers and his shoes."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

And now, when cruel fates, alas!
Their fell decree had spoken,
She wept as if her heart would break,
Or her bicycle were broken.
—*Detroit Journal.*

"Say," remarked the juvenile philosopher to his father, "I've been down watching the ducks in the water to-day, and I've decided that if our ears grew between our toes we could swim just as easily."—*Adams Freeman.*

LONDON "PUNCH'S" VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

"FLOR DE CUBA!"—(WITH THE BLOOM OFF.)

UNCLE SAM (*to Cuba*)—"See here! If I'd known what a durn'd, worthless, ill-conditioned skunk you are I wouldn't ha' lifted a hand for you. But, now I'm here, guess I'm goin' to stay and *lick you into shape!*"

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

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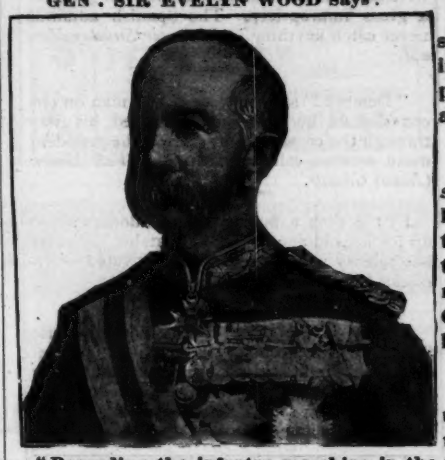
MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:



"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."—*From "The London Sketch."*

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

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Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

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MENTION THIS PUBLICATION

Cervera dashed out of the harbor to save
His ships and his men from a watery grave;
But quickly observed, with misfortune most dire,
He'd jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.
—*Denver Post.*

The Buffalo paper which calls the Spanish fleet commander "Admiral Kodak" is guilty of a gross impropriety. The Spanish admirals never catch anything.—*Rochester Sunday Herald.*

"Demmit!" said a West Union man on circus day as he laboriously elbowed his way through the crowd, "why doesn't the president make another call for troops?"—*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

By the time a man gets a few dollars saved up for his old age he is told that his daughter has talents which should be cultivated.—*Atchison (Kansas) Globe.*

"What is the price of Dobbins's Electric Soap?" "Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years." "Why, that's the price of common brown soap. Send me a box. I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

MISTRESS (*about to engage a new housemaid*)—"Have you had any experience?"
APPLICANT—"Oh, yes, mum. I've been in 'undreds of sitiwations."
—*Punch.*

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Cascarets
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ALL DRUGGISTS.

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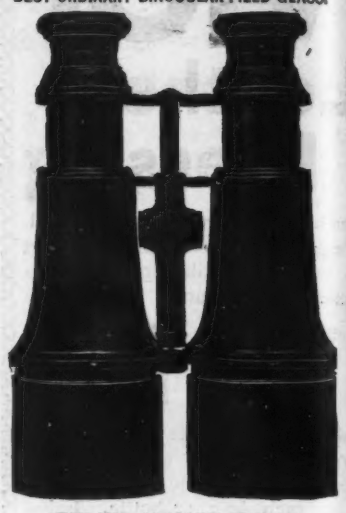

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FIELD OF VIEW

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FIELD OF VIEW

ORDINARY BINOCULAR GLASS.

The above is a correct comparison of the relative size and size of field of the NEW and OLD glasses of the same power

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Beef—How to Roast
Behave—How to, at the Table
How to, in Society
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How to Keep Fresh
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Carve—How to Carve Well
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Difficult Things—How to Do
Dishes—How to Wash
Dog—How to Pick Out a Good
Domestic Pests—How to Exterminate
Dress—How Girls Should Dress When Camping Out
How to Dress in Fashion
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Easter Eggs—How to Color
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SERIES I.

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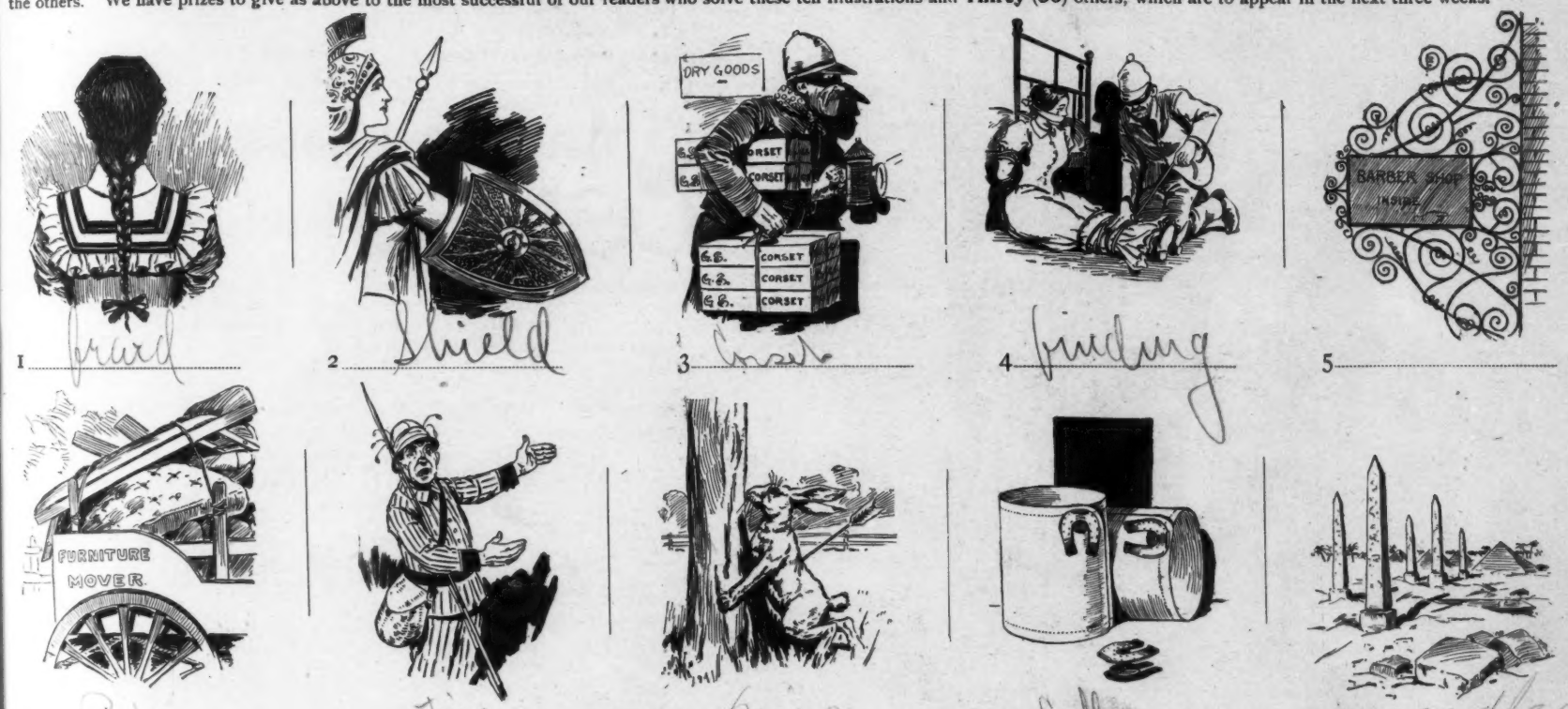
To the contestant first solving all of the 40 puzzles correctly will be given a Columbia bicycle, and to each of the next 19 successful puzzle-solvers in this contest will be given a year's subscription to either JUDGE or LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. To all other contestants correctly solving the whole series of 40 puzzles will be given a year's subscription to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a **Notion** to be found in the dry-goods store. You will see that No. 1 is **Braid**, and you will also see from this how to work out the others. We have prizes to give as above to the most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and **Thirty (30)** others, which are to appear in the next three weeks.



1 braid 2 Shield 3 Corset 4 finding 5 _____

6 Pads 7 string 8 pins 9 Cuffs 10 needles

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY. Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (**holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 883**), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets, pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 883. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority; the post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

Note that the special mailing time restriction is revived herewith, and that Saturday, September 10th, at 6 P. M., is made the earliest day and hour with which solutions in this contest will be credited.

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Best sulphur-water in the world. All latest sulphur-water treatments.

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